

The Fisherman's Wife (Peterhead Fisherman's Wife)

#54

Who would be a fisherman's wife
To work with a tub and a scrubber and a knife
A died-out fire and a painful bed
And away to the fish in the morning

Here we come pouring in,
Three reefs to the foresail in
There's not a dry stitch to put on our back
But still we're all teetot'lers

It's down to the Denes in the middle of the night
With an old syrup tin and a candle for a light
To gather up the pillars, every one of them in sight
So, we'll get the line baited for the morning

My poor old father's in the middle of the floor
Beating hooks on the tippets and they're hanging on his chair
They're made from horse's hair, for that's the best gear
To be going to the fishing in the morning

It's easy for the cobbler, sitting in his nook
His big copper kettle hanging on a crook
But we're in the bow and we cannot get a hook
It's all hard work in the morning

It's not the kind of life a gentle girl could endure
With her fingers red raw with the scrubbing out at shore
And a baby on her hip, she's away to carry coal
She'll be getting up early in the morning

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